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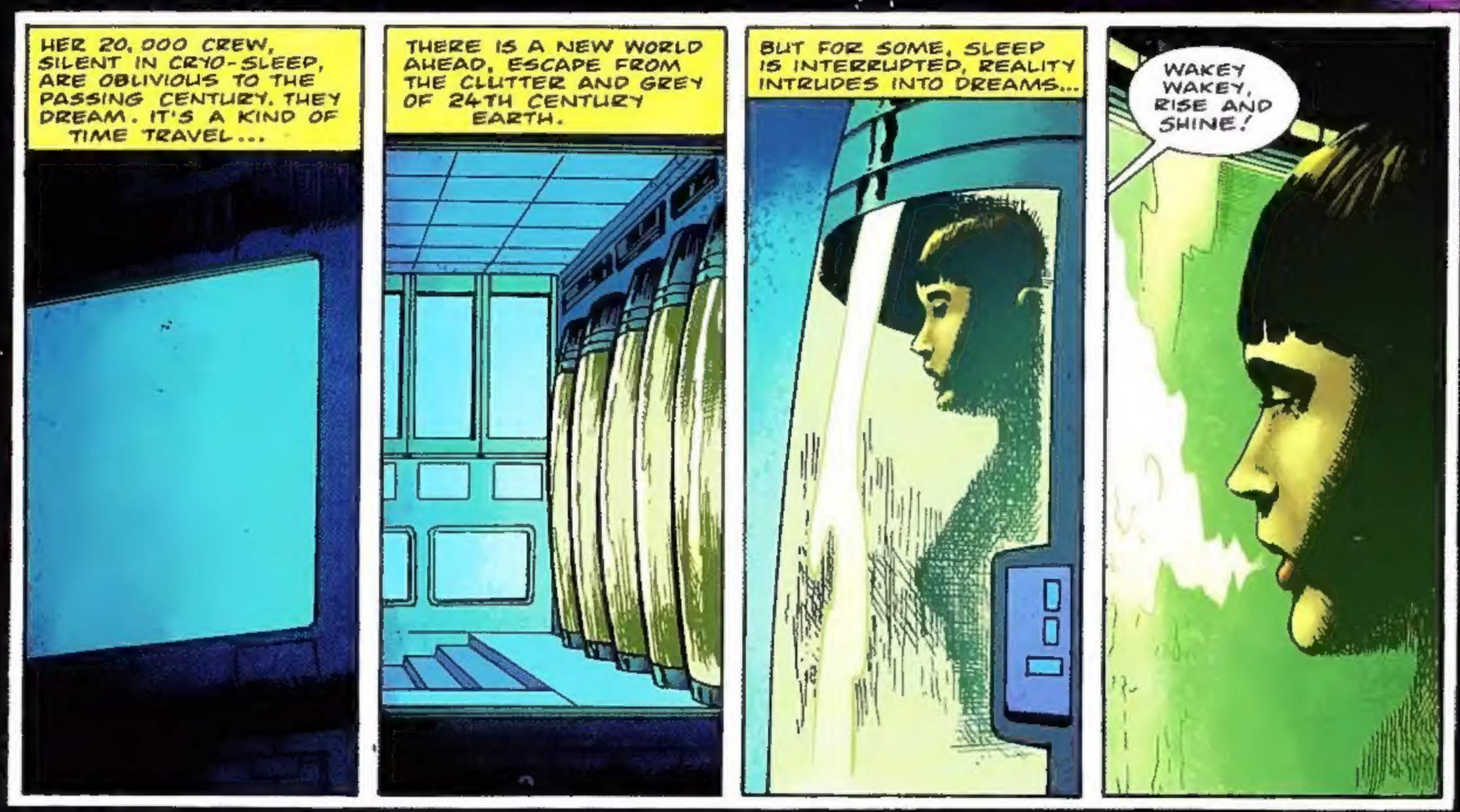
PROFITS OF DOOM!

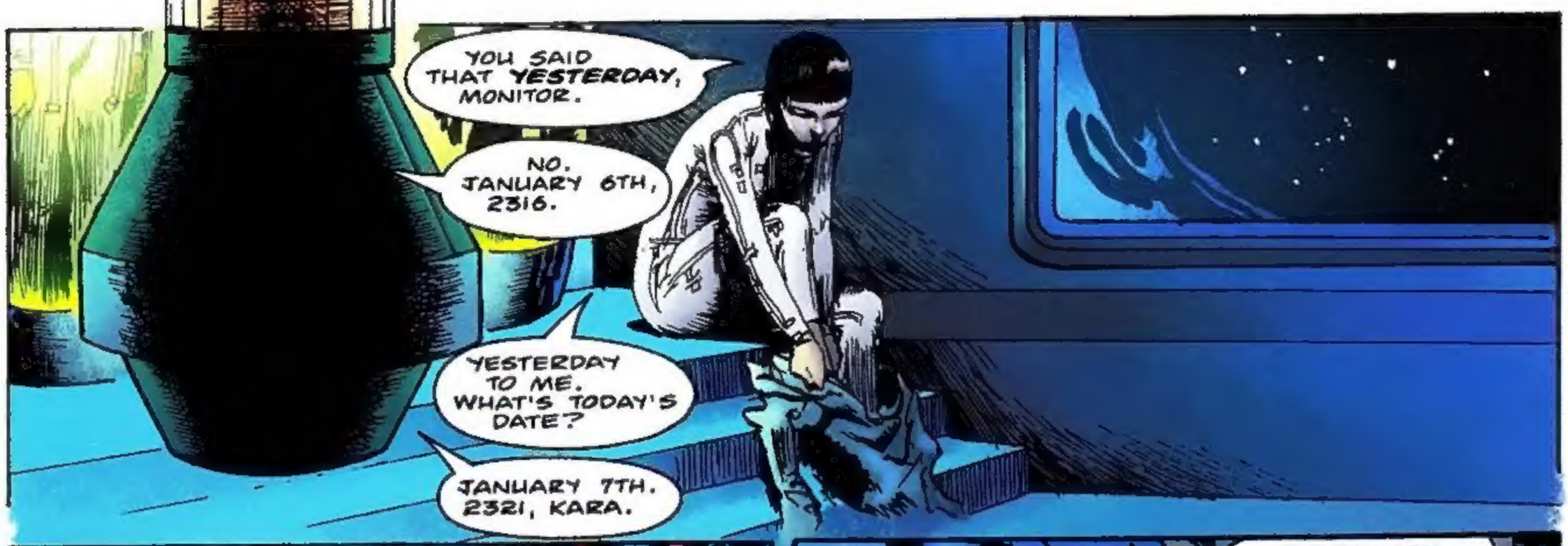
EPISODE ONE.

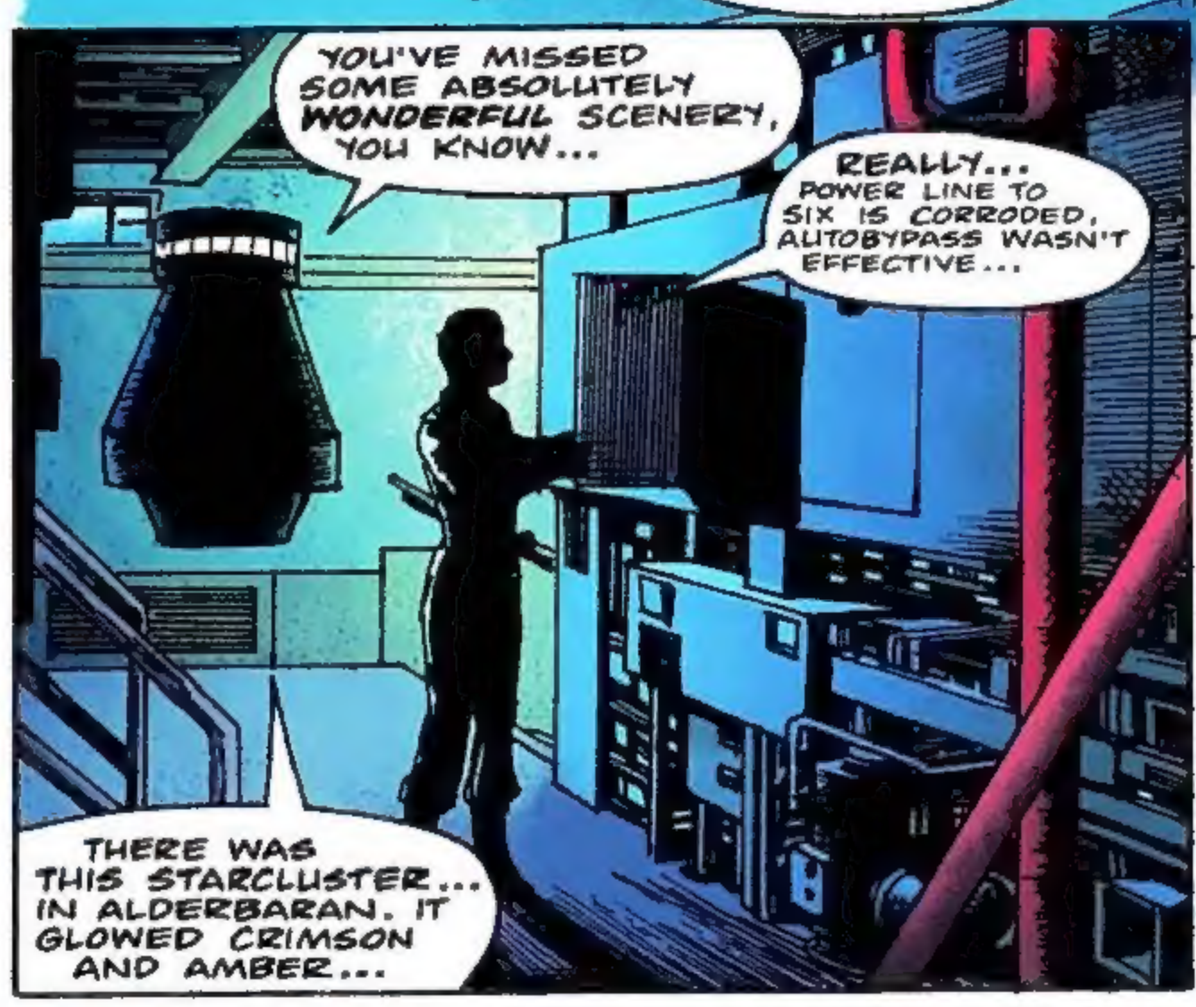
GLITTERING STARS AND GALAXY SPIRALS GLINT OFF THE COLONY SHIP "MAYFLOWER" AS IT GLIDES THROUGH THE VOID.

EIGHT DECADES OUT FROM EARTH, SET FOR DISTANT VISTAS STILL TWENTY YEARS AWAY.

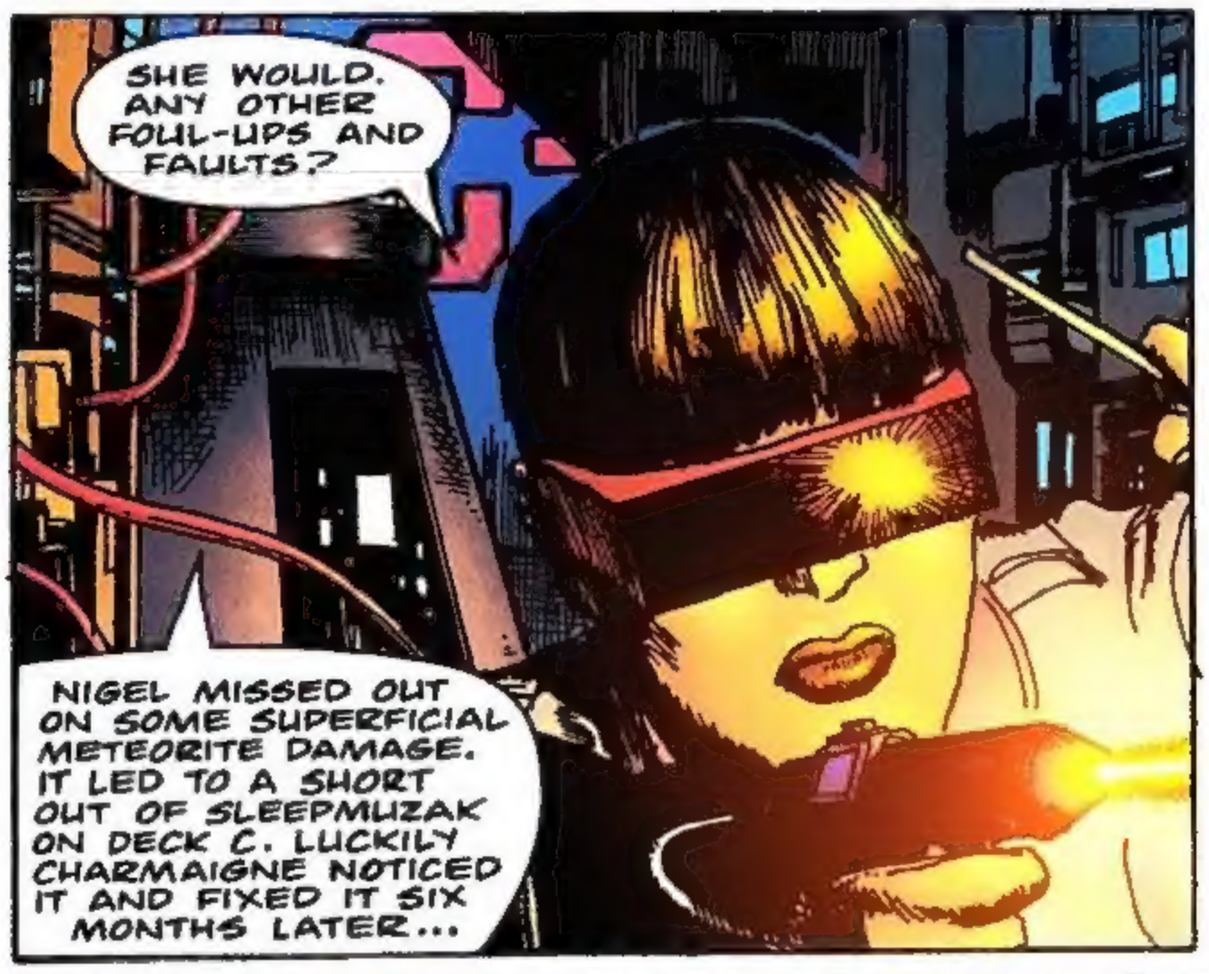
SCRIPT — MIKE COLLINS
ART — JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS — ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR — SHEILA CRANNA



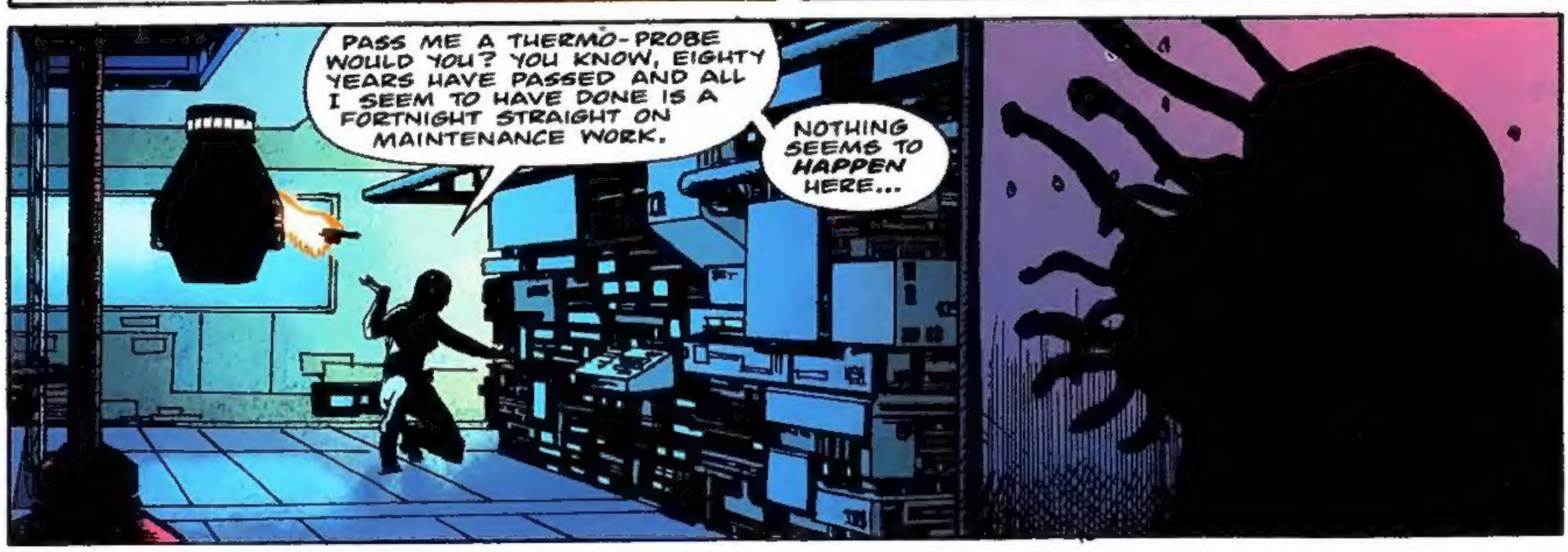

YOU SAID THAT YESTERDAY, MONITOR.
NO. JANUARY 6TH, 2316.
YESTERDAY TO ME. WHAT'S TODAY'S DATE?
JANUARY 7TH. 2321, KARA.


YOU'VE MISSED SOME ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL SCENERY, YOU KNOW...
REALLY... POWER LINE TO SIX IS CORRODED, AUTOBYPASS WASN'T EFFECTIVE...
THERE WAS THIS STARCLUSTER... IN ALDERBARAN. IT GLOWED CRIMSON AND AMBER...

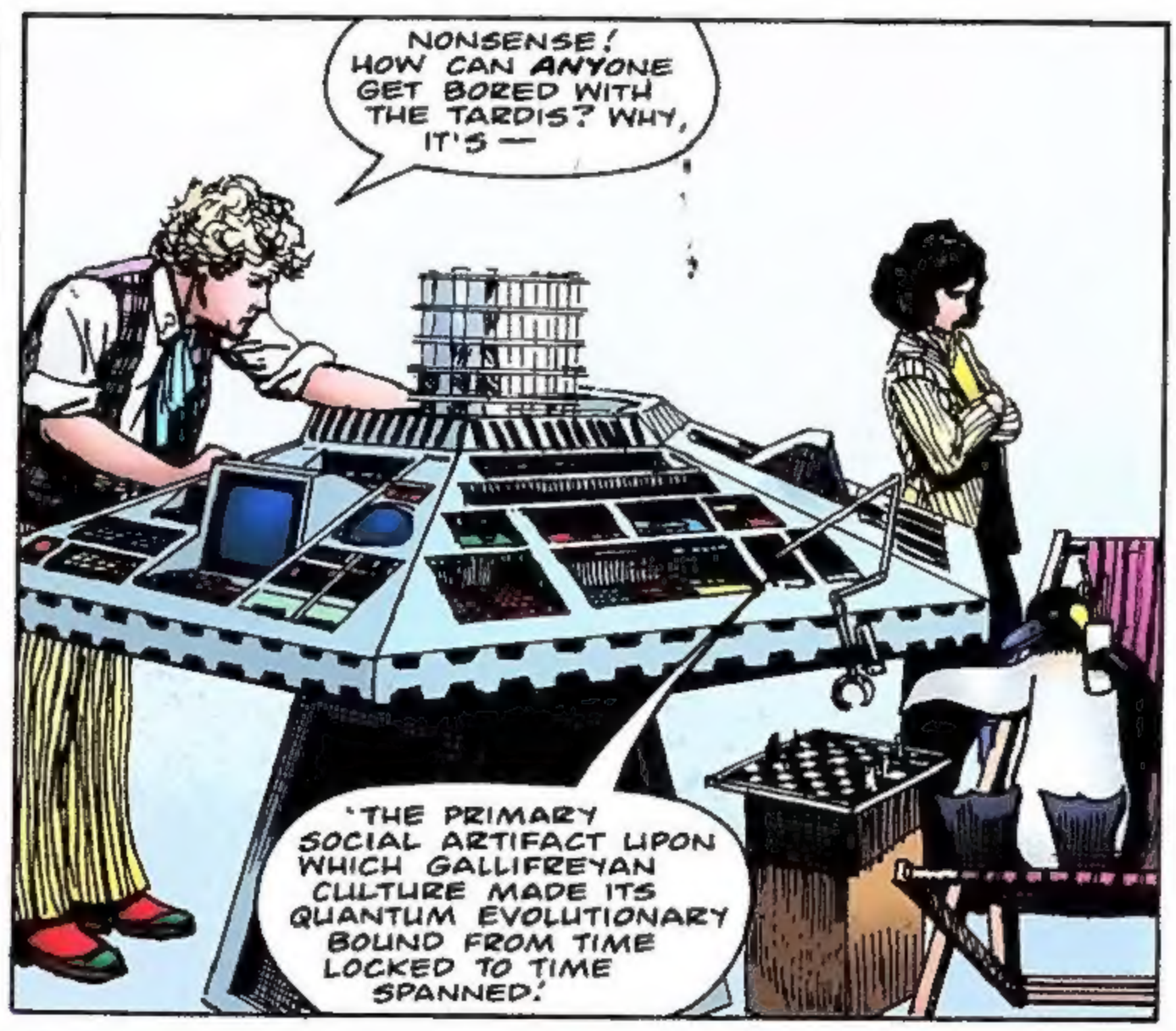
...WE PASSED THAT WHEN JEAN WAS ON DUTY. SHE SAID —
I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO RE-PLATE THAT! BLAST! CAN'T THEY ALLOW FOR MICRO-METEORS IN THEIR SHIELDING PROFILES?
SHE SAID IT REMINDED HER OF THE CRYSTAL SPIRES OF PARIS...


SHE WOULD. ANY OTHER FOUL-UPS AND FAULTS?
NIGEL MISSED OUT ON SOME SUPERFICIAL METEORITE DAMAGE. IT LED TO A SHORT OUT OF SLEEPMUZAK ON DECK C. LUCKILY CHARMAIGNE NOTICED IT AND FIXED IT SIX MONTHS LATER...

PITY. SLEEP WITHOUT MUZAK SOUNDS A GREAT IDEA... A NUMBER THREE ON THIS I THINK...
YOU HEAR IT? I UNDERSTOOD —
NO, BUT IT MAKES YOU NUMB... NO BAD DREAMS, NO CENTURY-LONG NIGHTMARES. BLAND IMAGES ARE CONJURED UP... BARE ROLLING FIELDS, STATIC LAKES, BLANK SKIES... DULL, DULL, DULL!


PASS ME A THERMO-PROBE WOULD YOU? YOU KNOW, EIGHTY YEARS HAVE PASSED AND ALL I SEEM TO HAVE DONE IS A FORTNIGHT STRAIGHT ON MAINTENANCE WORK.
NOTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN HERE...

ELSEWHEN...
DOCTOR, I'M BORED!


NONSENSE! HOW CAN ANYONE GET BORED WITH THE TARDIS? WHY, IT'S —
'THE PRIMARY SOCIAL ARTIFACT UPON WHICH GALLIFREYAN CULTURE MADE ITS QUANTUM EVOLUTIONARY BOUND FROM TIME LOCKED TO TIME SPANNED.'

OH. HAVE I SAID THAT BEFORE?

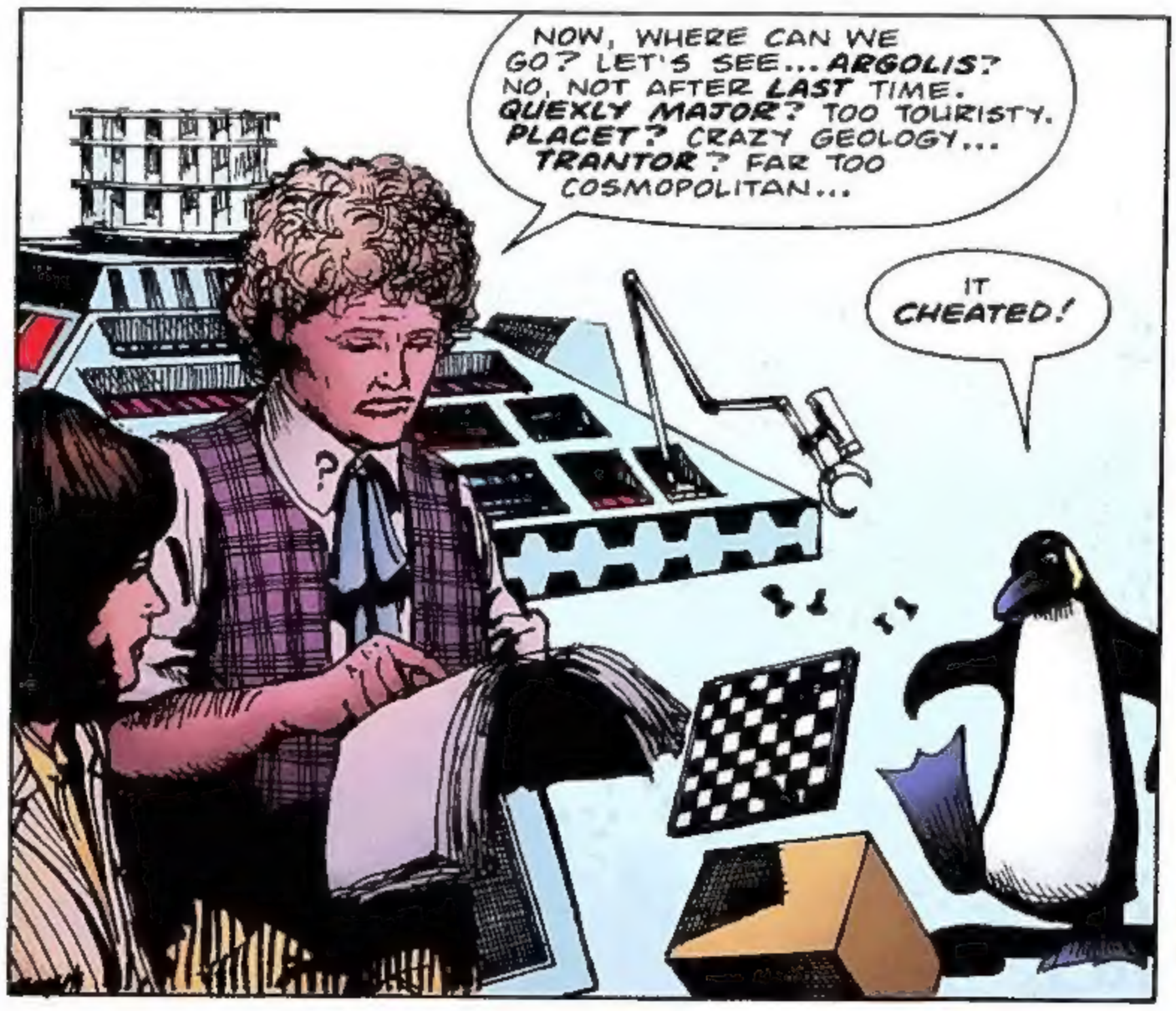
YOU'VE NEVER GONE AROUND ALL THE CHAMBERS? HOW ABOUT THE FALLOEAN GARDENS? THE BAGDEJALUCIAN PHOSPHORESCENT ANTI-GRAVITY SHRUBS, THE VORTIS ZARBI-TRAP, AND THE TRAKEN PRAYING FLOWERS?
SEEN, ANNOTATED, LISTED, PHOTOGRAPHED. BOTANY'S NOT MY ONLY INTEREST!

HOW ABOUT THE DIAMOND AVENUE? THE BRIGHTEST GEMS FROM A DOZEN STAR SYSTEMS?
DOZENS OF TIMES.

THE CLOISTER BELL CHAMBER?
YES, YES, YES!
WE'VE BEEN TARDIS-BOUND FOR THREE WHOLE WEEKS! I WANT TO BREATHE SOME UNPROCESSED AIR!

ISN'T THERE SOMEWHERE WE COULD GO WHERE WE WON'T MEET FURRY PRINCESSES, ALIEN CHEFS, CYBERMEN OR THE MASTER?
YOU'RE NOT MAKING IT EASY, ARE YOU? HMM... WHERE'S THAT GUIDE? SOMEWHERE PEACEFUL, WITHOUT INCIDENT...

"WHERE THE VIEW IS GENTLE AND GRACEFUL..."


NOW, WHERE CAN WE GO? LET'S SEE... ARGOLIS? NO, NOT AFTER LAST TIME. QUEXLY MAJOR? TOO TOURISTY. PLACET? CRAZY GEOLOGY... TRANTOR? FAR TOO COSMOPOLITAN...
IT CHEATED!

I WAS SET FOR MATE IN THREE MOVES, THEN THIS MONSTER TAKES MY BISHOP!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO NEEDS A HOLIDAY...
SURE DOES...

NOW, LET'S SEE... AHA!
OWOWOWOWOW!

ARCADIA!

AH, ARCADIA! VERDANT ROLLING FIELDS GLITTERING STILL LAKES, VAST CLOUDLESS SKIES... PERI AND FROBISHER—
PREPARE TO BE DAZZLED!
I HATE IT WHEN HE SOUNDS CONFIDENT...

LET'S SEE — ARC OFF CLUSTER 'D' IN THE HOMERIAN SPIRAL... DILATE ON THE CUSP OF ORION... HERE WE GO!

VWOORP!
VWOOORP!

FROBISHER YOU MAY DO THE HONOURS... AH, ARCADIA —
'ALL THINGS THAT LOVE THE SUN ARE OUT OF DOORS; THE SKY REJOICES IN THE MORNING'S BIRTH; THE GRASS IS BRIGHT WITH RAIN DROPS; ON THE MOORS THE HARE IS RUNNING RACES IN HER MIRTH; AND WITH HER FEET SHE FROM THE PLASHY EARTH RAISES A MIST—'

AND DUCTS?

DUCTS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DUCTS. AS IN AIRCONDITIONING DUCTS'? PIPING? METAL WALLS AND FLOORS?

WELL, DOCTOR? CARE TO EXPLAIN? I JUST LOVE THESE VERDANT ROLLING FIELDS...
HMM. WE MUST HAVE MATERIALISED IN A SERVICE DOME. SCATTERED RANDOMLY ABOUT THE PLANET. YES. FAMILIAR DESIGN... NOT MUCH OF A MISTAKE, REALLY.
WELL, LET'S GET OUT THEN, BEFORE WE GET INTO MORE —

— TROUBLE. OH, NO. NOT AGAIN.
MAKE LIKE STONE, YOU SKUBAG, THREE-TAILED, ALIEN SLUG!! I'LL —
?
— WELD US TO DEATH? THAT IS A MAINTENANCE LASER WELDER, ISN'T IT?

PEOPLE! GREAT — I THOUGHT YOU WERE THOSE SLUG THINGS —
DO WE LOOK LIKE SLUGS?

A TALKING PENGUIN!! VARLEY GABRIEL! FIRST SLUGS NOW A TALKING PENGUIN!
CALM DOWN, YOUNG LADY — HE'S NOT REALLY A PENGUIN, HE'S JUST... UNWELL.
ARE ARCADIANS ALWAYS THIS EXCITABLE?
WE'RE NOT ON ARCADIA...

FEEL THAT? THE SENSE OF MOTION YOU DON'T GET IN THE TARDIS? THE LOW ENGINE HUM? SO MUCH FOR UNPROCESSED AIR...
WHAT HAVE YOU LANDED US IN NOW, DOCTOR?

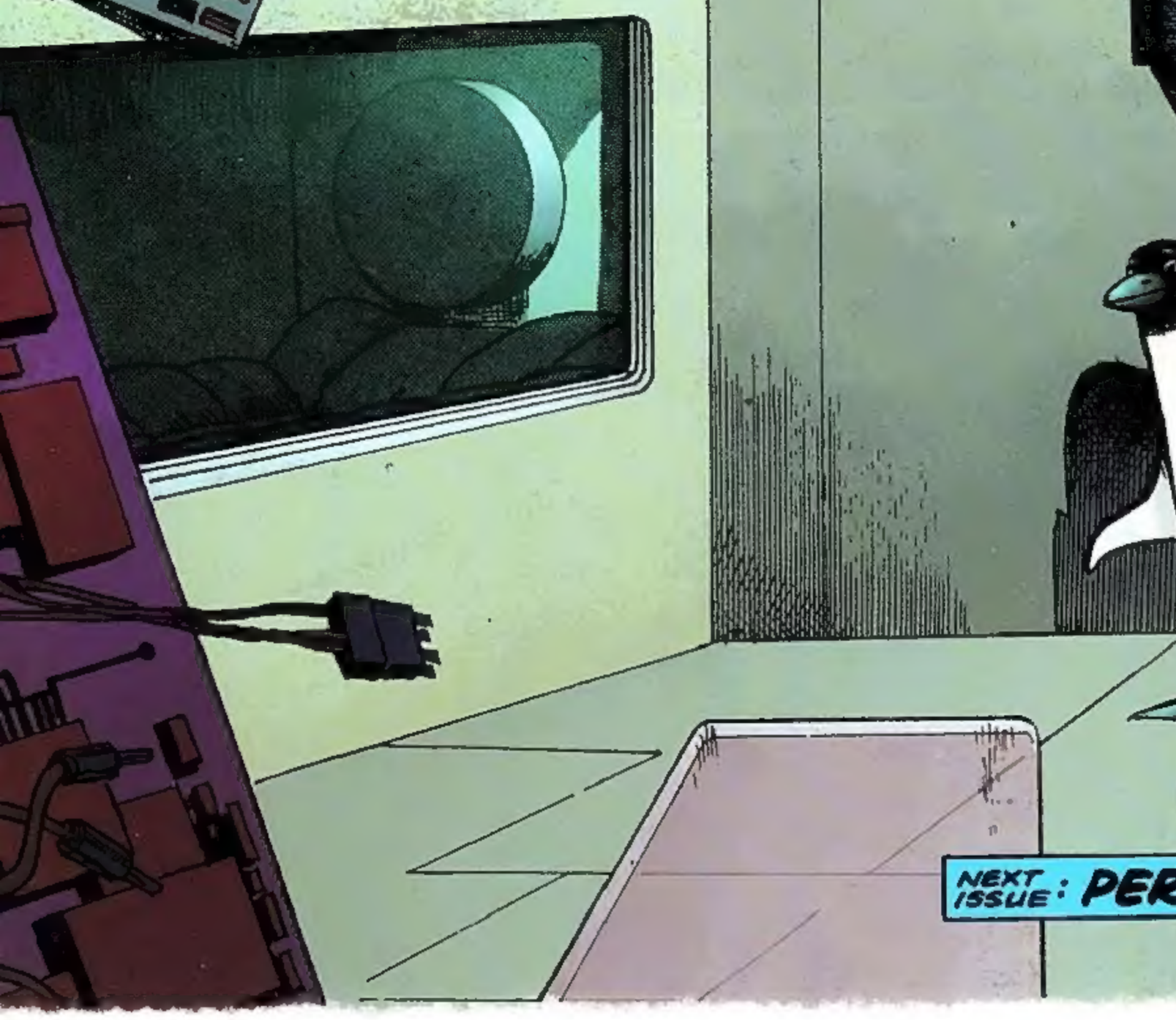
DOCTOR? ARE YOU FROM THE ELITE — THE TOP DRAWER? OH, THANK GABRIEL!
THE SHIP HAS BEEN INVADED BY THESE SLUG-LIKE ALIENS...THEY'RE ROAMING THE DECKS WITHOUT RUNNING INTO ANY SECURITY — THEY'VE GOT ACCESS CODES FOR ALL THE SHIP'S SYSTEMS!
SLUGS?

WHO WOULD YOU BE, YOUNG LADY?
KARA McALLISTA, MAINTENANCE, THIRD CLASS. ONE OF THE TEN. EVERY SIX MONTHS, ONE OF US IS WOKEN TO OVERSEE THE SHIP'S RUNNING. THIS HAD TO HAPPEN ON MY SHIFT... WHY NOT GHITA'S?

YOU ARE NOT TOP DRAWER. YOU ARE INTRUDERS. WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT?
NO — I WAS GOING TO GET ROUND TO THAT...

WE HAPPEN TO HAVE MATERIALISED IN YOUR VESSEL. I AM THE DOCTOR, AND THESE ARE MY TRAVELLING COMPANIONS, PERI AND FROBISHER.
'MATERIALISED'?! WHAT KIND OF A SEG-JAK DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?
THERE IS A DEVICE, POSSIBLY A TRAVELLING CHAMBER... THAT ANOMALY BEHIND THEM. IT DOES NOT REGISTER LOGICALLY... INCONSISTENT DIMENSIONS...

YES, SHE DOES THAT.
NOW, ABOUT THESE SLUGS YOU MENTIONED...
BOX



NEXT ISSUE: PERIL OF THE PROFITEERS!

PROFITS OF DOOM!

EPISODE TWO

SAILING THE SPACEWAYS, ON THE WAY FROM AN OVERCROWDED EARTH TO A NEW HOME IN THE STARS, THE DEEPSHIP *MAYFLOWER'S* JOURNEY IS INTERRUPTED BY AN INVASION FORCE...

...AND ITS MOST IMPORTANT COLONISTS ARE *GONE*

HOW? ALL OF THEM *GONE!*

OH, DEAR. EVENTS HAVE PROGRESSED EVEN FASTER THAN I'D FEARED.

WHAT *IS* GOING ON HERE? WHO'S *BEHIND* THIS?

SAY, KARA — THESE SLUGS OF YOURS... THEY DIDN'T HAPPEN TO LOOK LIKE —

— THESE GUYS?

AAAAGK!

PERI!

MONITOR! RETURN FIRE!

SCRIPT — MIKE COLLINS
ART — JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS — ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR — SHEILA CRANNA

SUSTAINED HIT TO LEFT UPPER SHELL! RESISTANCE LIMITED!

SKAJ IT!

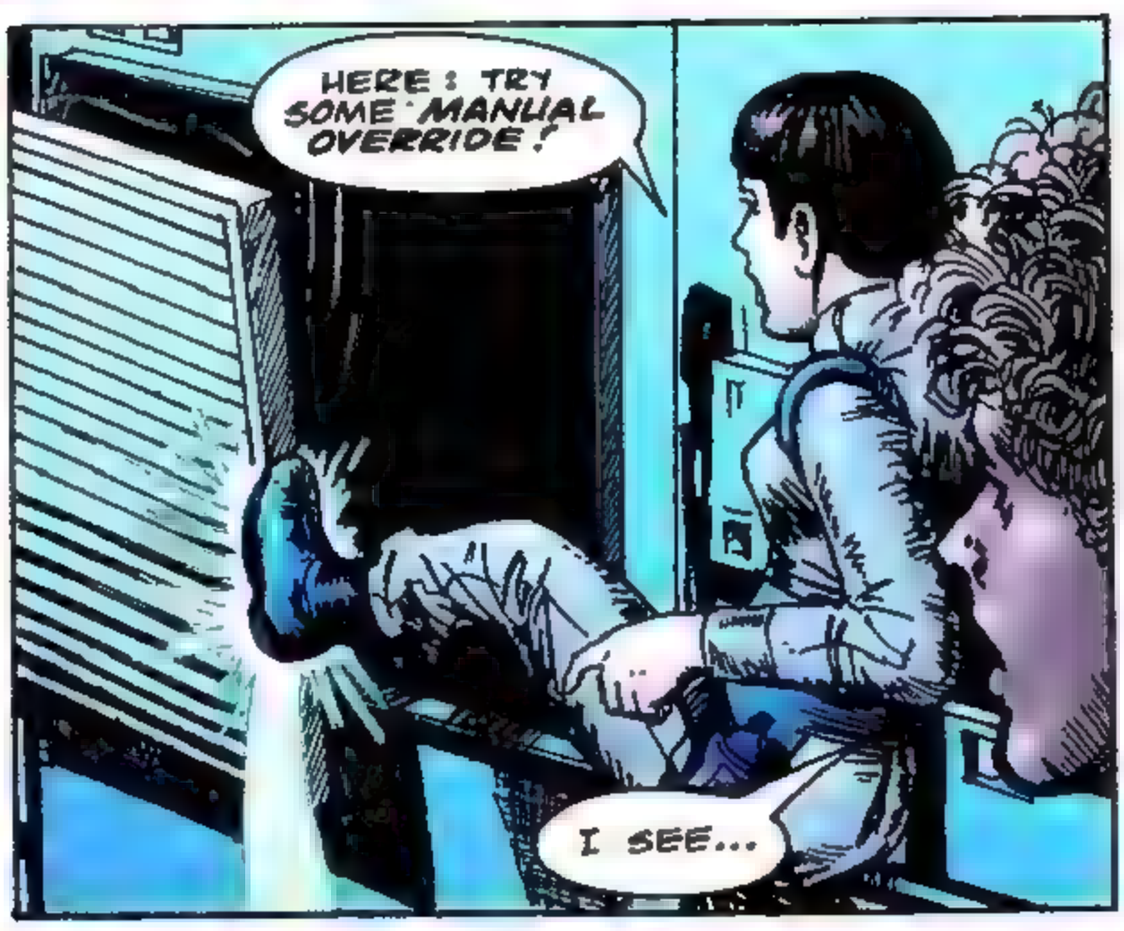
PERI! JUST UNCONSCIOUS...

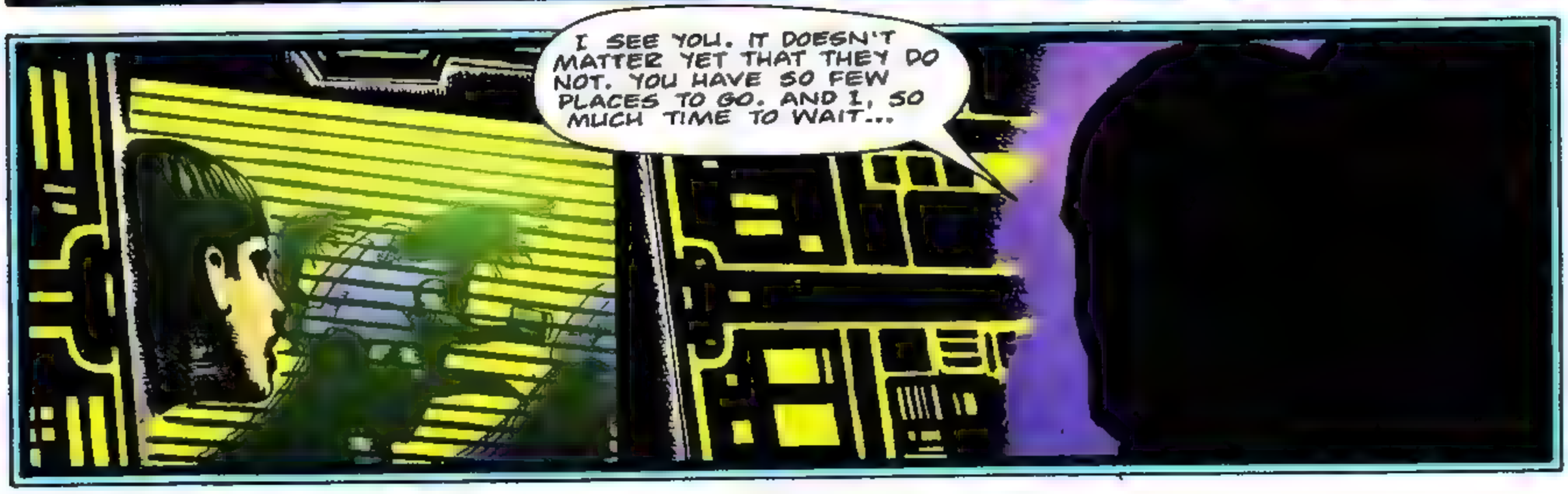
FOR GABRIEL'S SAKE, DOCTOR — LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT PERI AND FROBISHER —
SQUALLK!

I BROUGHT THEM INTO THIS —
WE GO NOW — OR FALL WITH THEM!

WHERE TO RUN TO?
DUCTS!

I CAN'T GET THE COVER LOOSE! BLAST! WHY DID I EVER LOSE MY SONIC SCREWDRIVER?


HERE: TRY SOME MANUAL OVERRIDE!
I SEE...


I SEE YOU. IT DOESN'T MATTER YET THAT THEY DO NOT. YOU HAVE SO FEW PLACES TO GO. AND I, SO MUCH TIME TO WAIT...

SINCE WE'RE STUCK IN HERE, DOC, HOW ABOUT TELLING ME EXACTLY WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?
YOUR COLONY SHIP IS IN THE HANDS OF A RACE OF SPACE MERCENARIES, KNOWN AS THE PROFITEERS OF EPHTE!
THEY ARE AN ANCIENT RACE WHO HAVE RAVAGED THE GALAXY FROM THEIR TAX HAVEN IN EPHTE MAJOR, ON THE SPUR OF FRIEDMAN'S CURVE...
THEY ARE DEVOTED TO UNBELIEVABLY BARBARIC ACTIONS AND METICULOUSLY AUDITED ACCOUNTS. THEY LAY WASTE TO ENTIRE CIVILISATIONS AND ENSLAVE OTHER BEINGS FOR IMMENSE DIVIDENDS...
THESE INDEX-LINKED LOOTERS FRAME THEIR SAVAGE OPPORTUNISM WITH THE BELIEF OF THE GROSS PROFIT MARGIN...
WHICH IS?
THEY ENGAGE IN NO ACTION WITHOUT SIZEABLE RETURN. EVERY WORLD CONQUERED IS ANOTHER CREDIT-MAKING FISCAL ENDEAVOUR. THEIR STRICT CODE ALLOWS NO OTHER WAY — IT IS THEIR LAW AND PHILOSOPHY DISTILLED TO A SINGLE PHRASE...
"PROFIT OR DIE".

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GOING TO DO TO US, FROBISHER? AND WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?
OH, PROBABLY PLANNING SOMETHING CLEVER TO GET US OUT OF HERE. HOPE HE DOESN'T TAKE TOO LONG...

WELL, CAPTAIN YSTRAD, THAT'S WHAT I CALL EFFICIENT MOTIVE FORCE TIME PERIOD ALLOCATION! A PRIME BIPEDULAR FE-MOID, A CLEAR 98% MARKETING CERTAINTY FOR A HANDMAIDEN TO THE GRODOMORPHS OF CEBALIAS DELTA!
OH, HIGH PERCENTILE, PONSTYCATH, HIGH PERCENTILE! ESPECIALLY WITH THE MARKET FLUX IN BIPEDULAR FE-MOIDS IN RECENT TRENDS! NOT TO MENTION THE AGGROGATE GAIN OF A XENON WHIFFERDILL, A ZOO ALL IN ONE CAGE!

OH NO... THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME NOW! I WISH I KNEW WHAT THEY WERE SAYING!
THE TRALFAMDORIANS OF VONNEGUT PRIME ARE PAYING CLASS-1 CURRENCY RATES ON SIMILAR STOCK— SINGLE UNIT BULK BUYING OF LIFEFORMS!
AND ALL IT FISCALLY DIMINISHES THE SAVAGE DEBENTURE IS THE COST OF WEAPONS DISCHARGE—
—WHICH CAN BE OFF-SET AGAINST CONTRACTUAL MISCELLANEOUS OUTGOINGS ANYWAY! BY FRIEDMAN! GROSS PROFIT!

PROFIT OR DIE!
PROFIT OR DIE!
THEY'RE PROBABLY LISTING THE BARBARIC TORTURES THEY CAN INFLICT ON US!
REASSURE ME, WHY DON'T YOU?

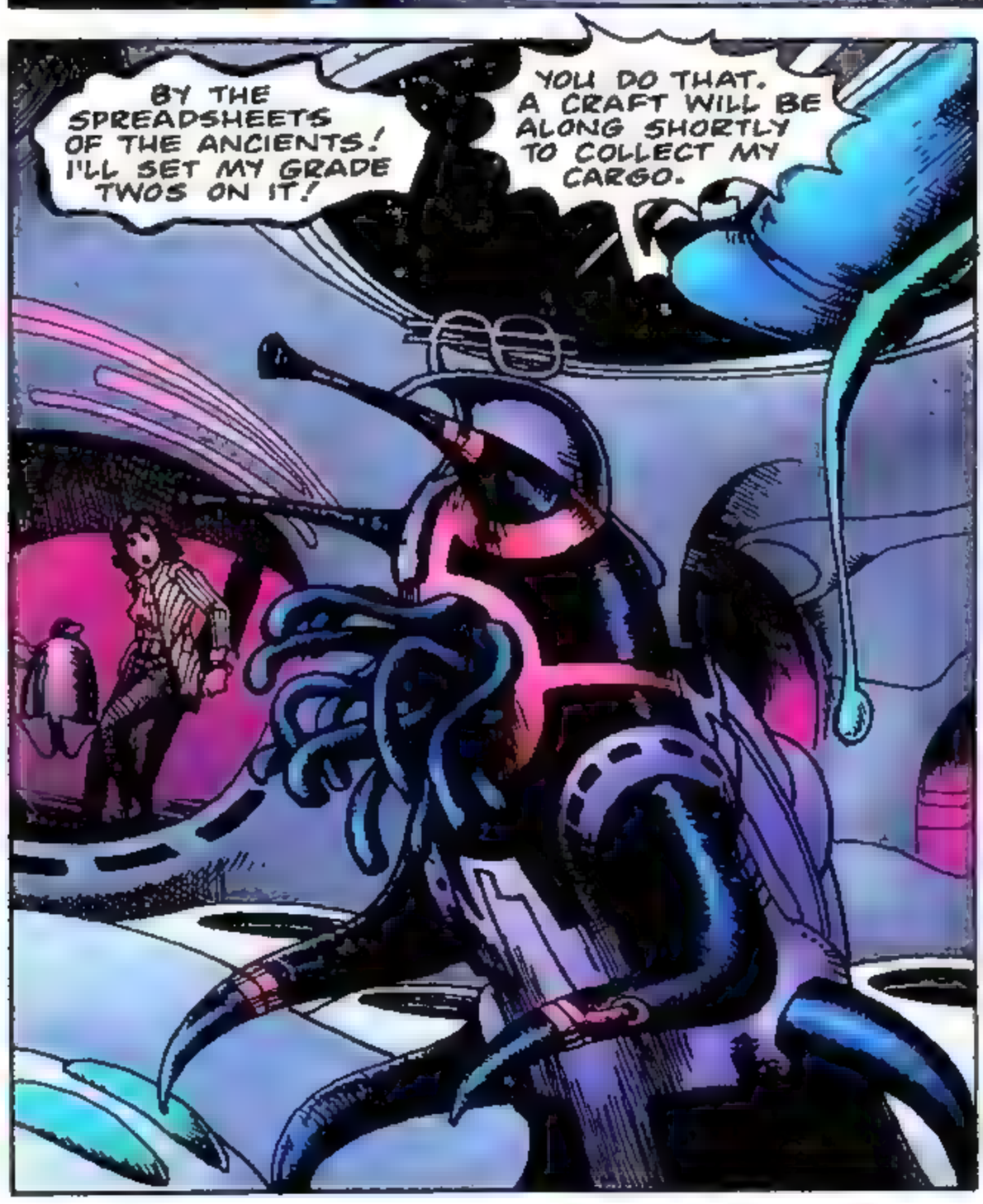
CAPTAIN YSTRAD! REPORT! AND IN ENGLISH— I STRUGGLE WITH YOUR NUMBERS-ORIENTED LANGUAGE.
HAIL SETH! CURRENT CONTRACTUAL CONTROLLER!

HOW RUNS YOUR TAKEOVER OF THE SHIP?

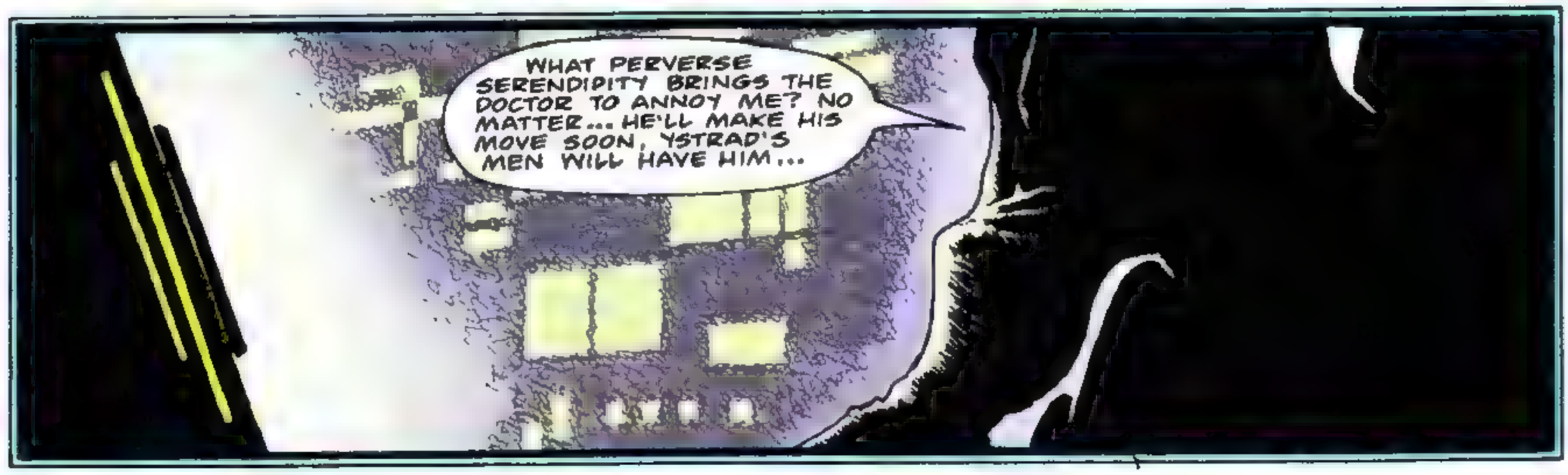
THE SHIP'S DUCTING COULD DO WITH A GOOD BRUSHING!
THEY'RE NOT MEANT FOR HUMAN HABITATION, DOC. ONLY MAINTENANCE WORK.
SINCE WE HAVE A MOMENT OR TWO, AND I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT I KNOW, PERHAPS YOU COULD GIVE ME SOME BACKGROUND...
OK...
OUR MISSION IS — OR WAS, THIS IS ALL EIGHTY YEARS BACK — THE BRAIN-CHILD OF VARLEY GABRIEL, AN ENTREPRENEUR AND POLITICAL FIGURE OF THE 24TH CENTURY.
A BRILLIANT, CHARISMATIC MAN, SENSITIVE TO THE PROBLEMS OF THE DAY — ALWAYS STRIVING TO SOLVE THEM. WE HAD A MONSTER OF A PROBLEM THOUGH... OVERCROWDING...
WHEN I LEFT, THE CITIES WERE FIFTY LAYERS DEEP... EVERYONE ONLY HAD ABOUT FIVE SQUARE METRES TO CALL THEIR OWN...
GABRIEL HAD SPACE PROBES ROAMING THE GALAXY — TRYING TO FIND SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE SOLAR SYSTEM, SOMEWHERE TO CALL HOME. FINALLY THEY SUCCEEDED...
GABRIEL CALLED FOR THE FITTEST, THE SMARTEST, THE MOST ADEPT TO GO AND SHAPE THE WORLD FOR MANKIND... THEY WERE THE 'TOP DRAWER'. THEN 20,000 WERE CHOSEN TO WORK UNDER THEM — PEOPLE LIKE ME.
WE SET OFF FULL OF HOPE, PRIDE AT BEING THE NEW WAVE, THE NEW PIONEERS...
NOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?
...I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BULK OF THE SHIP, YSTRAD, THEY'RE YOUR CONCERN. ALL I WANT ARE THE TOP DRAWER.

AND TRANSACTIONS CONCERNING THE EXTRA-CONTRACTUAL UNAUDITED UNITS?
I AM NOT CONCERNED WITH THEM. THE GIRL AND THE PENGUIN YOU MAY DISPOSE OF AS YOU WILL. THERE IS, THOUGH, THE MATTER OF THE TIME LORD. HE IS STILL AT LOOSE ON THE MAYFLOWER, ACCORDING TO MY SCANNERS.
HOW DOES HE KNOW THE DOCTOR'S A TIME LORD?
THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET UP...

TIME LORD? GALLIFREYAN? FRIEDMAN'S ABACUS! THERE WAS NO CONTRACTUAL SPECIFICATION RELATING TO THE ACQUISITION, DISPOSAL, OR OTHERWISE OF GALLIFREYANS!
IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM, HE COULD JEOPARDISE THE FISCAL CORE OF YOUR MISSION.


BY THE SPREADSHEETS OF THE ANCIENTS! I'LL SET MY GRADE TWOS ON IT!
YOU DO THAT. A CRAFT WILL BE ALONG SHORTLY TO COLLECT MY CARGO.

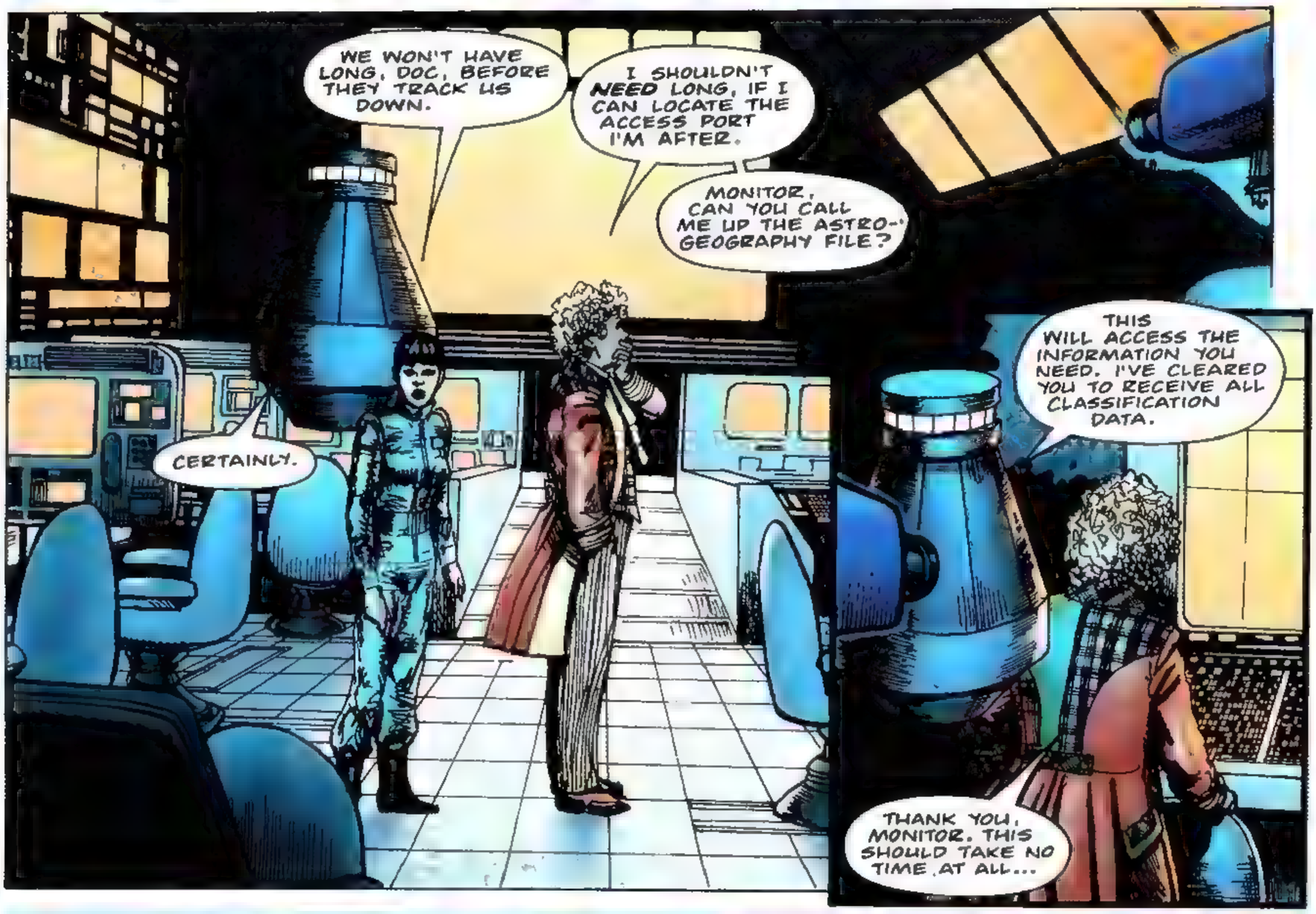
WHATEVER THE DOCTOR'S COOKING UP, IT'D BETTER BE GOOD, AND IT'D BETTER BE SOON!
COMMUNICATION ENDS. PROFIT OR DIE!
WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST SETTLED FOR A WALK AROUND THE CLOISTER BELL?

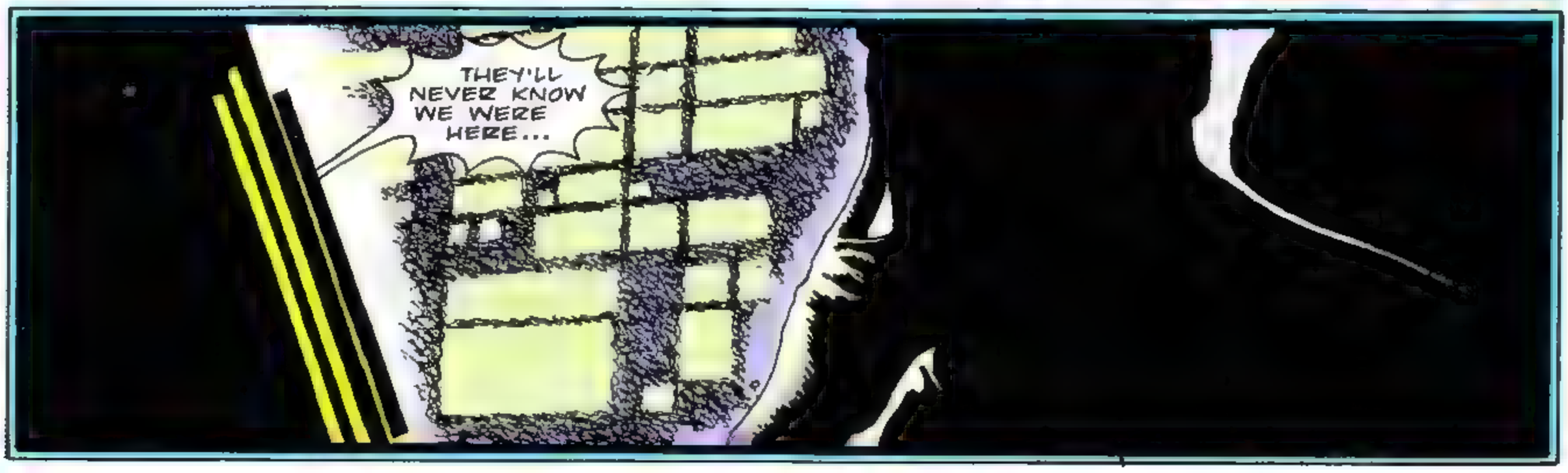

WHAT PERVERSE SERENDIPITY BRINGS THE DOCTOR TO ANNOY ME? NO MATTER... HE'LL MAKE HIS MOVE SOON, YSTRAD'S MEN WILL HAVE HIM...

THIS IS THE MOST UNDIGNIFIED FORM OF TRANSPORT I'VE ENGAGED IN FOR A LONG WHILE!
YOU WANT TO GET TO THE COMPUTER CORE, SO WE'RE GOING THE WAY WE AVOID DETECTION.
AFFIRMATIVE.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN WE GET THERE?
I WANT TO CHECK SOMETHING. THE PROFITEERS OF EPHTE DON'T JUST ATTACK AT RANDOM; IT WOULDN'T MAKE FINANCIAL SENSE.

YOU THINK SOMEONE TIPPED THEM OFF? BUT THEY'D HAVE HAD TO DO THAT EIGHTY YEARS AGO! AND WHO WOULD BOTHER TO WAIT THIS LONG?
NO-ONE I CAN THINK OF OFF HAND, BUT THE IDEA OF SUCH A LONG TIME LAPSE WORRIES ME...


WE WON'T HAVE LONG, DOC, BEFORE THEY TRACK US DOWN.
I SHOULDN'T NEED LONG, IF I CAN LOCATE THE ACCESS PORT I'M AFTER.
MONITOR, CAN YOU CALL ME UP THE ASTRO-GEOGRAPHY FILE?
CERTAINLY.
THIS WILL ACCESS THE INFORMATION YOU NEED. I'VE CLEARED YOU TO RECEIVE ALL CLASSIFICATION DATA.
THANK YOU, MONITOR. THIS SHOULD TAKE NO TIME AT ALL...


THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WE WERE HERE...

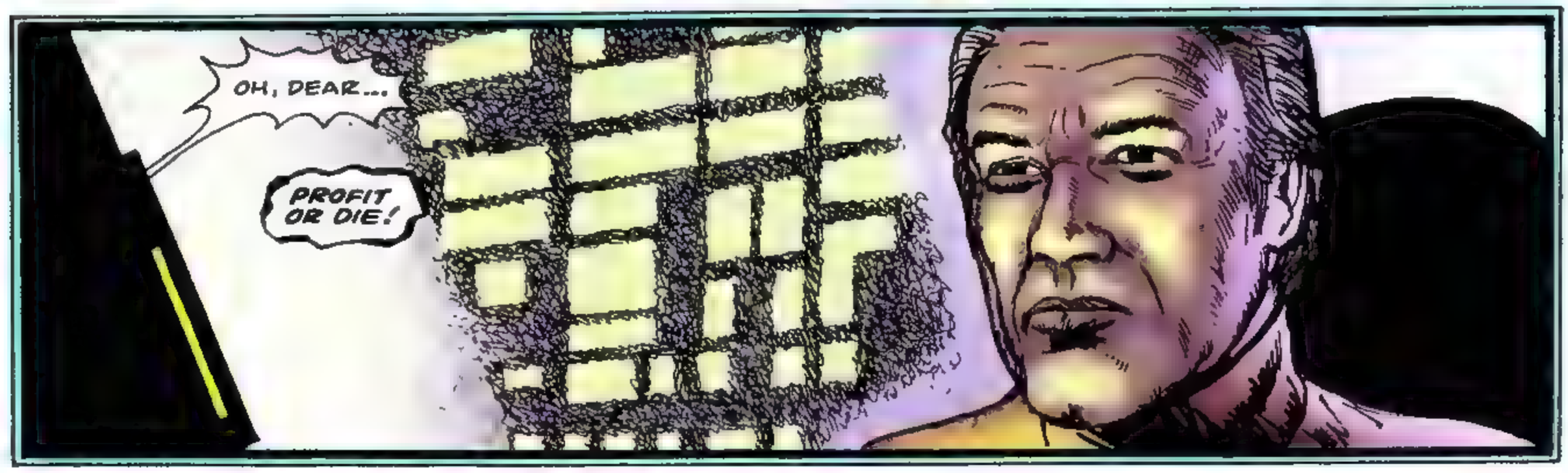
LET'S SEE, ACCESS: MAYFLOWER: LOG: PRIME DATE
COME ON... COME ON... AGES SINCE I HAD TO DEAL WITH ONE OF THESE MUSEUM PIECES...

MUSEUM PIECE? THAT'S STATE OF THE ART!
THAT RATHER DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU CALL ART... COME ON... COME ON...

THEY'RE HERE! THEY'LL GET IN! THEY'VE GOT THE ACCESS CODES!
THEY DID HAVE— I JUST CHANGED THEM! THAT SHOULD GIVE US TEN MINUTES...
BADOOM!
HOLD ON... THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT!

HURRY! THOSE BLASTS ARE GETTING MEANER AND THE SHIP ISN'T DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND AN ATTACK LIKE THIS...
MISS McALLISTA, THERE'S A VERY BIZARRE ANOMALY HERE...
NO. THAT CONFIRMS IT. BLAST! I'M AFRAID TO TELL YOU, BUT—
BADOOM!
BADOOM!

WE HAVE THE UNAUDITED UNITS! PROFIT OR DIE!


OH, DEAR...
PROFIT OR DIE!

PROFITS OF DOOM!

EPISODE THREE

ABOARD THE BESEIGED COLONYSHIP *MAYFLOWER*, THE *DOCTOR* AND MAINTENANCE ENGINEER *KARA McALLISTA* FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY THE MERCENARY *PROFITEERS OF EPHTE*...

PROFIT OR DIE!

ACCOMPANY US WITH MINIMAL FISCAL TIME LOSS —

OR?

SAVAGE AND BRUTAL DISCONTINUATION OF FINANCIAL BETTERMENT CAPABILITY!

DEATH. IT SEEMS WE'RE TRAPPED MISS. McALLISTA. I'M SORRY.

DON'T BE, DOC. SAY, WHEN I YELL 'NOW', COVER YOUR EYES, OKAY?

SCRIPT — MIKE COLLINS
ART — JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS — ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR — SHEILA CRANNA.

PARDON ME?

TRUST ME, MON — CARE TO PLAY A BLINDER?

UNDERSTOOD.

COMPLY OR DIE!

NOW!

ARRRGH!

NONAUDITED UNITS HAVE ENGAGED IN SELF REMOVAL!
KEYNES' ANKLE! WHAT WILL CAPTAIN YSTRAD SAY?

UNEXPEDITED CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION! NEGLIGENT WAGE PERIODS! NO PROFIT, NO RETURN! FRIEDMAN'S ABACUS!? WHAT KIND OF PROFITEERS ARE YOU?
THE DOCTOR'S ELUDED THEM AGAIN!
RUN AWAY, YOU MEAN?

BIT OF A BROAD APPLICATION OF THE WORD 'ELUDE', IF YOU ASK ME. WHEN'S HE GOING TO RESCUE US THEN, HUH? ELUDE US OUT OF HERE?
WILL YOU QUIT COMPLAINING? I'M SURE THE DOCTOR IS PLANNING FOR OUR ESCAPE AT THIS VERY MINUTE... I HOPE...

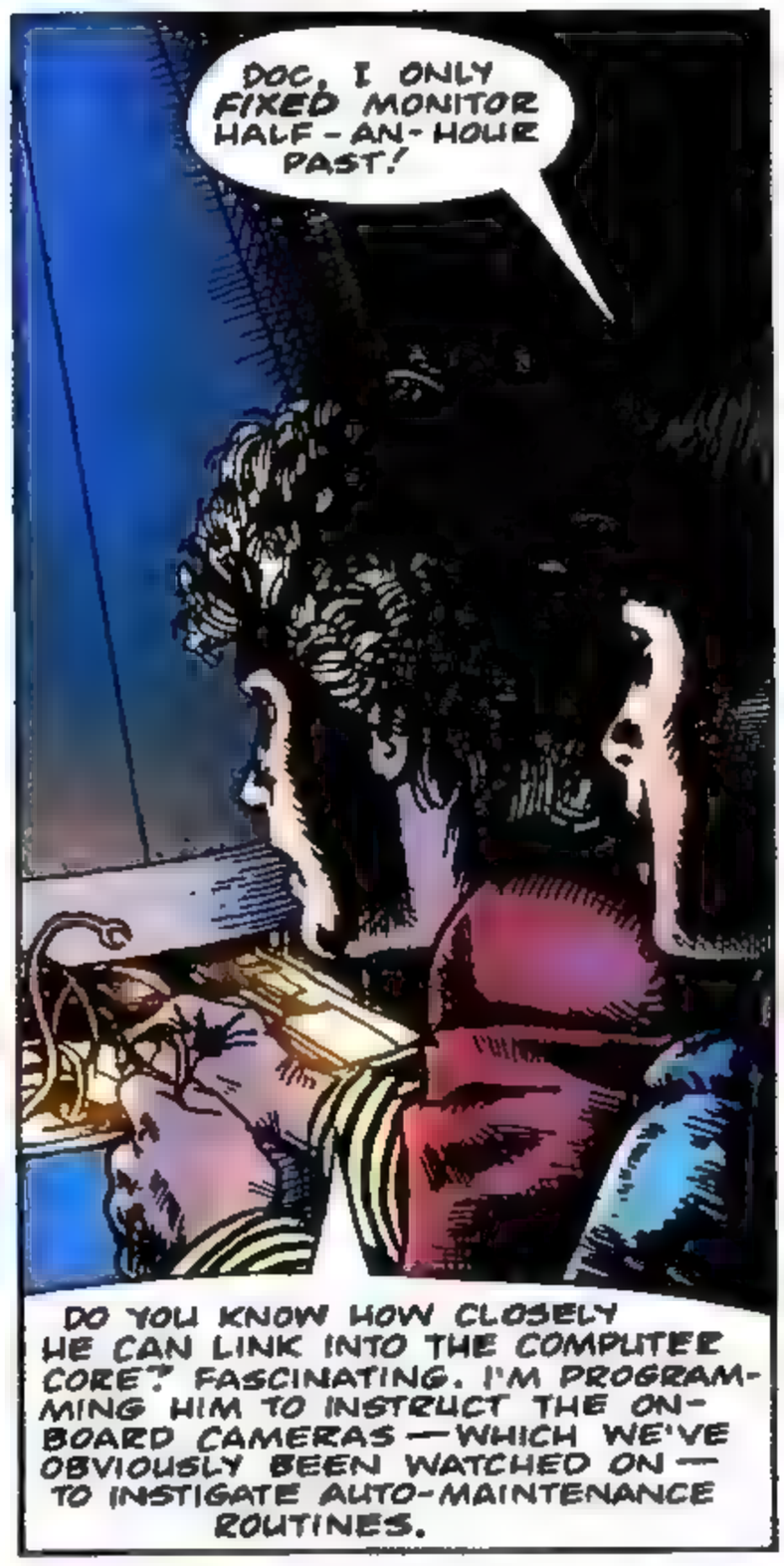
THANKS FOR SAVING ME AGAIN.
NO TROUBLE, DOC! LOOK, YOU WERE ABOUT TO TELL ME SOMETHING WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED. YOU'D FOUND SOMETHING IN THE FILES THAT DISTURBED YOU...

I WAS CHECKING ON THE ASTRO-GEOGRAPHY CHARTS FOR THE DESTINATION OF YOUR SHIP. IT'S SET FOR A BRAVE NEW WORLD, A LOCATION CAREFULLY CHOSEN BY YOUR SAINTLY VARLEY GABRIEL, YES?
LIKE I TOLD YOU. SO?
THIS LOCATION...THERE'S NOTHING THERE BUT STARDUST.

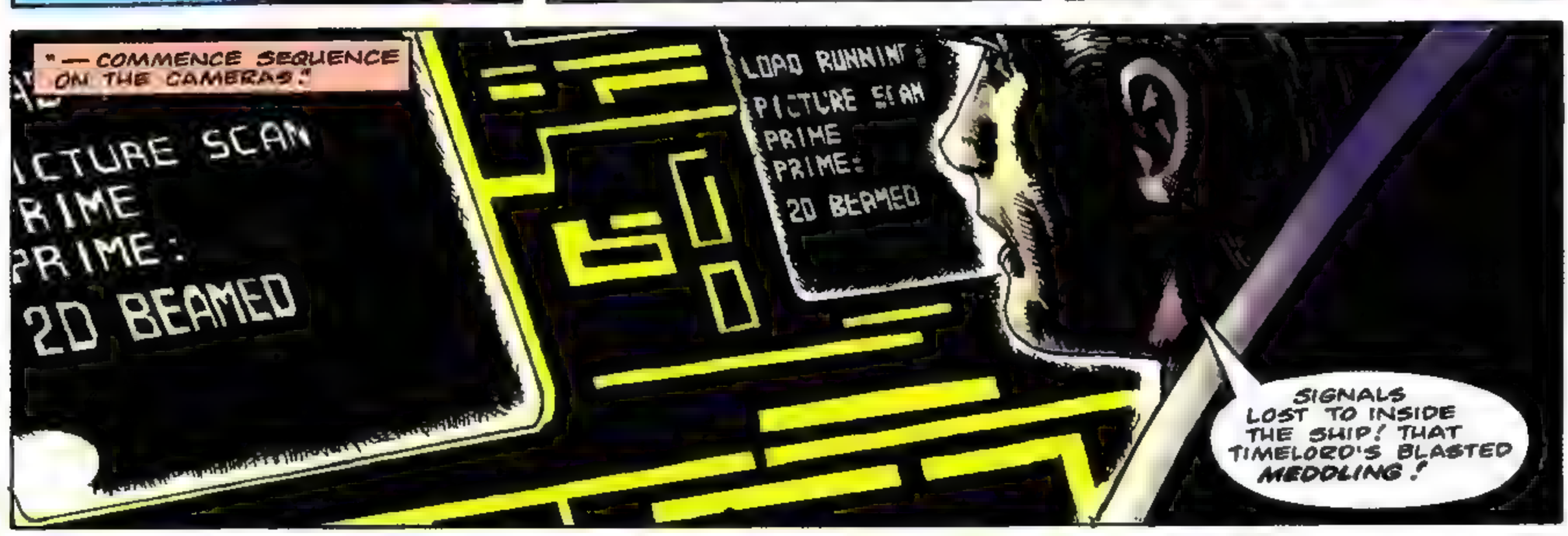
WHY WOULD VARLEY GABRIEL SEND A SHIP FULL OF PEOPLE OUT TO NOWHERE?!
INCOMPETENCE? ERROR IN ASTROGATION? NO, I THINK HE PLANNED FOR THE PROFITEERS TO MAKE OFF WITH THE SHIP'S BULK —

OH, THANKS!
I'M THINKING IN HIS TERMS, MISS McALLISTA — HE OBVIOUSLY NEEDS THE TOP DRAWER FOR SOME OFF-WORLD OPERATION...THIS ELABORATE 'COLONYSHIP' PLOY SERVED AS A COVER TO HIS INTENTION.
IF YOU HADN'T WOKEN WHEN YOU DID, YOU WOULD HAVE COME OUT OF FREEZE AS PART-PAYMENT TO THE PROFITEERS!

THE SCALE OF THIS IS BIZARRE. WE LEFT EARTH EIGHTY YEARS AGO — HOW IMPORTANT MUST THE TOP DRAWER BE?
TURN THAT ON ITS HEAD — IF THE SCALE IS SO VAST, HOW INSIGNIFICANT IS THIS OPERATION? HOW MUCH A 'BY-THE-WAY' COMPONENT TO SOMETHING QUITE SINISTER?
OH.
AHA!


DOC, I ONLY FIXED MONITOR HALF-AN-HOUR PAST!
DO YOU KNOW HOW CLOSELY HE CAN LINK INTO THE COMPUTER CORE? FASCINATING. I'M PROGRAMMING HIM TO INSTRUCT THE ON-BOARD CAMERAS — WHICH WE'VE OBVIOUSLY BEEN WATCHED ON — TO INSTIGATE AUTO-MAINTENANCE ROUTINES.

AND THEN?
WHY, BACK TO THE COMPUTER CORE, TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED! THE LAST PLACE THEY'LL EXPECT TO FIND US IS THERE! NOW, MONITOR —


"— COMMENCE SEQUENCE ON THE CAMERAS!"
ICTURE SCAN
RIME
PRIME:
2D BEAMED
LOAD RUNNING
PICTURE SCAN
PRIME
PRIME:
2D BEAMED
SIGNALS LOST TO INSIDE THE SHIP! THAT TIMELORD'S BLASTED MEDDLING!

SO WHAT ARE YOU ACTUALLY DOING, DOCTOR?
CHECKING THE WHEREABOUTS OF PERI AND THE WHIFFERDILL... AH, ON THE PROFITEERS' SHIP BUT UNHARMED, AS YET. GOOD...
MONITOR, COULD YOU BOARD THAT SHIP AND HELP TO FREE THEM? YOU'VE LITTLE VALUE TO THE PROFITEERS BESIDES SCRAP, SO YOU'LL GO UNNOTICED.
CERTAINLY, DOCTOR.
WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO NOW?
BRING THIS UNFORTUNATE SITUATION TO A SATISFACTORY RESOLUTION...
...BY FINDING OUT HOW TO BLOW UP THIS SHIP.
SO I SAID TO HIM, 'KABROVIAN SHARKOMORPHS? WITH THE HARVEST GLUT OF DEBRATIAN ZIGGER TULLS? AND IN THE PRESENT ECO-SPATIAL CLIMATE, TOO!'
QUESNAY'S TABLEAU! WHAT A PHYSIOCRAT! WHAT DID HE SAY THEN?
'OIKONMIKOS!' I MEAN, I DIDN'T EXPECT COURTESY, BUT —
WELL, YES, SOME PEOPLE... IT'S LIKE THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU SAY.

THIS WAITING IS DRIVING ME MAD! OH, COME ON, DOCTOR!
MAYBE HE AND THE LADY MECHANIC ARE DOING THE TARDIS' FIVE MILLION YEAR TUNE UP.

MAY I BE OF SERVICE?
WAAGH! THE TOOLBOX!
HUSH, FROBISHER— THEY'LL NOTICE! CAN YOU BREAK OUR BOLTS?

ONLY TOO PLEASED TO.
YEEEOWW!
HOY! THE EXTRA-CONTRACTUAL UNITS ARE BEING FREED FROM RESTRAINT!
STUPID PENGUIN! WE'RE SUNK!

I DIDN'T SAY IT WOULDN'T.
HE DIDN'T SAY IT'D HURT!
FROBISHER! THINK OF SOMETHING!

RIGHT ...UH, RIGHT!
HOLD IT! I'M A XENON WHIFFERDILL AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS! JUST ONE STEP CLOSER AND I BECOME A SIX-LIMBED, OMNIVOROUS VRAGTASOGRIAN KEPPLE JAW!!
SUCH A DANGER IS BEYOND OUR RISK PROFILES!
WHILE THEY'RE WITTERING— RUN!

WITHIN THE COMPUTER CORE, THE DOCTOR HAS CALLED UP AN IMAGE OF VARLEY GABRIEL FROM SHIP'S RECORDS TO FIND...
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE. HOW DISAPPOINTING.
DEAR LADY, THAT IS EXACTLY MY INTENTION!
I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT YOU ACCESSING THE FUEL REPROCESSORS LIKE THIS, DOC — IT'S DANGEROUS.
DOCTOR! WE'RE FREE!
BUT THE SLUGS ARE FOLLOWING!
...LEADING THEM STRAIGHT HERE! HE'S TRYING TO BLOW UP THE SHIP, AND NOW YOU'RE INVITING THE SLUGS TO CAPTURE US!
BLOW UP THE SHIP! ARE YOU SURE YOU AREN'T BEING A BIT DRASTIC ABOUT ALL THIS, DOCTOR?
WILL YOU ALL HAVE A MODICUM OF FAITH IN MY JUDGEMENT?
IT'S ALL TO DO WITH THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THESE CREATURES, YOU SEE...
THEY'RE ONLY TWO LEVELS AWAY, DOCTOR.
—AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE THEY WILL END YOUR INTERFERENCE.
VARLEY GABRIEL!
THE AUTO-MAINTENANCE SEQUENCE MUST HAVE ENDED!
VARLEY GABRIEL IS A NAME I HAVE USED. AS WAS 'VANCE GALLEY'; 'VAN GEIFRIED'; 'VIRGIL GAUSTINO'... THEY HAVE ALL SERVED THEIR PURPOSE THROUGH THE AGES. MY GIVEN NAME, THOUGH, IS SETH.
SETH!

SETH — A GRAND SCHEMER IN 14TH CENTURY ROME... THAT WAS YOU?

IT SURPRISES YOU THAT OTHERS CAN ACHIEVE GREAT AGE? HOW ARROGANT. YES, THAT WAS ME, AS WAS VINCENT GRANT, WHO UNIFIED THE WESTERN ALLIANCE IN THE EARLY 22ND CENTURY —
GRANT, THE BUTCHER OF STRASBOURG? WHAT COULD THIS EXERCISE BE TO YOU?

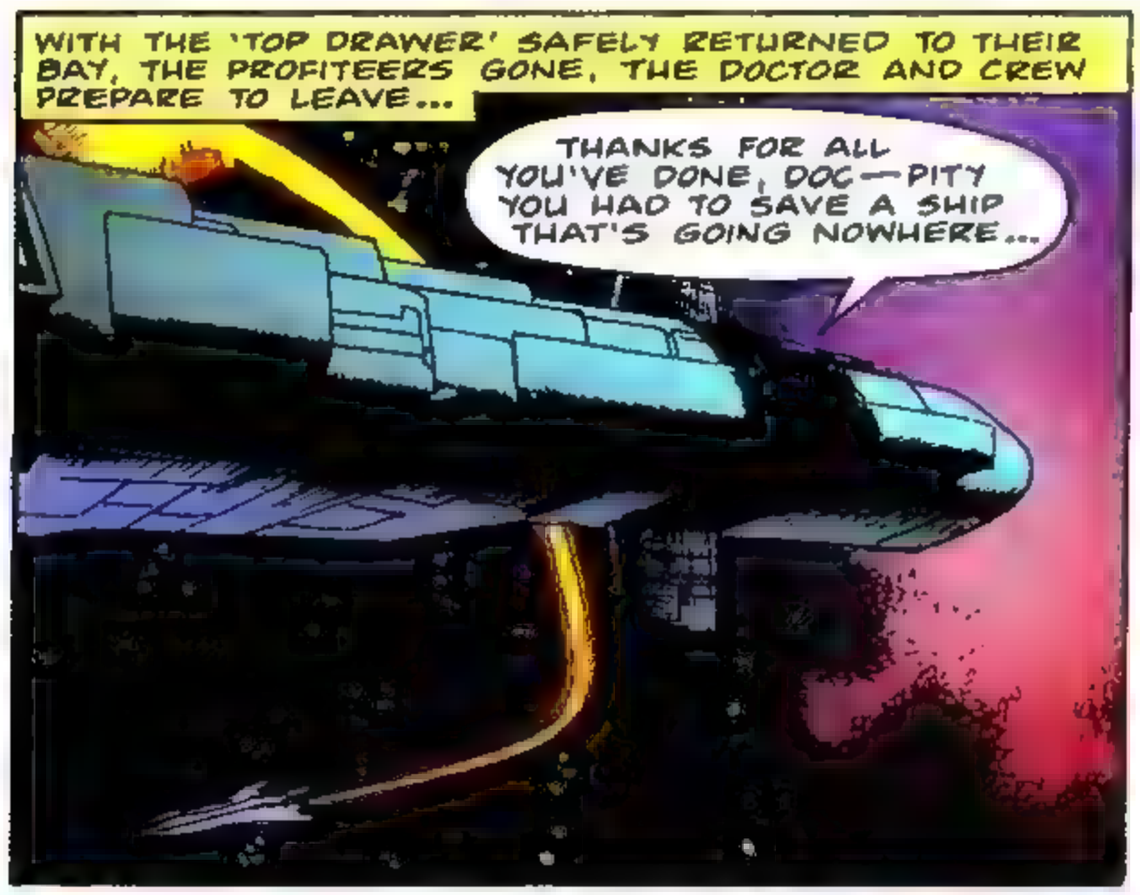
VERY LITTLE. I FORESAW A NEED FOR CERTAIN SPECIALISED STAFF ON ONE OF MY WORLDS... IT WAS MINIMAL TROUBLE TO ORGANISE THE MAYFLOWER TRIP...
... AND PAY THE PROFITEERS, TO TRANSPORT THOSE STAFF, WITH THE COLONISTS.

YES. AH, GOOD. THEY ARE HERE.
THE ROGUE STOCK! BE PREPARED FOR MORE OF THEIR TRICKERY!
THIS PLAN OF YOURS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, DOC—

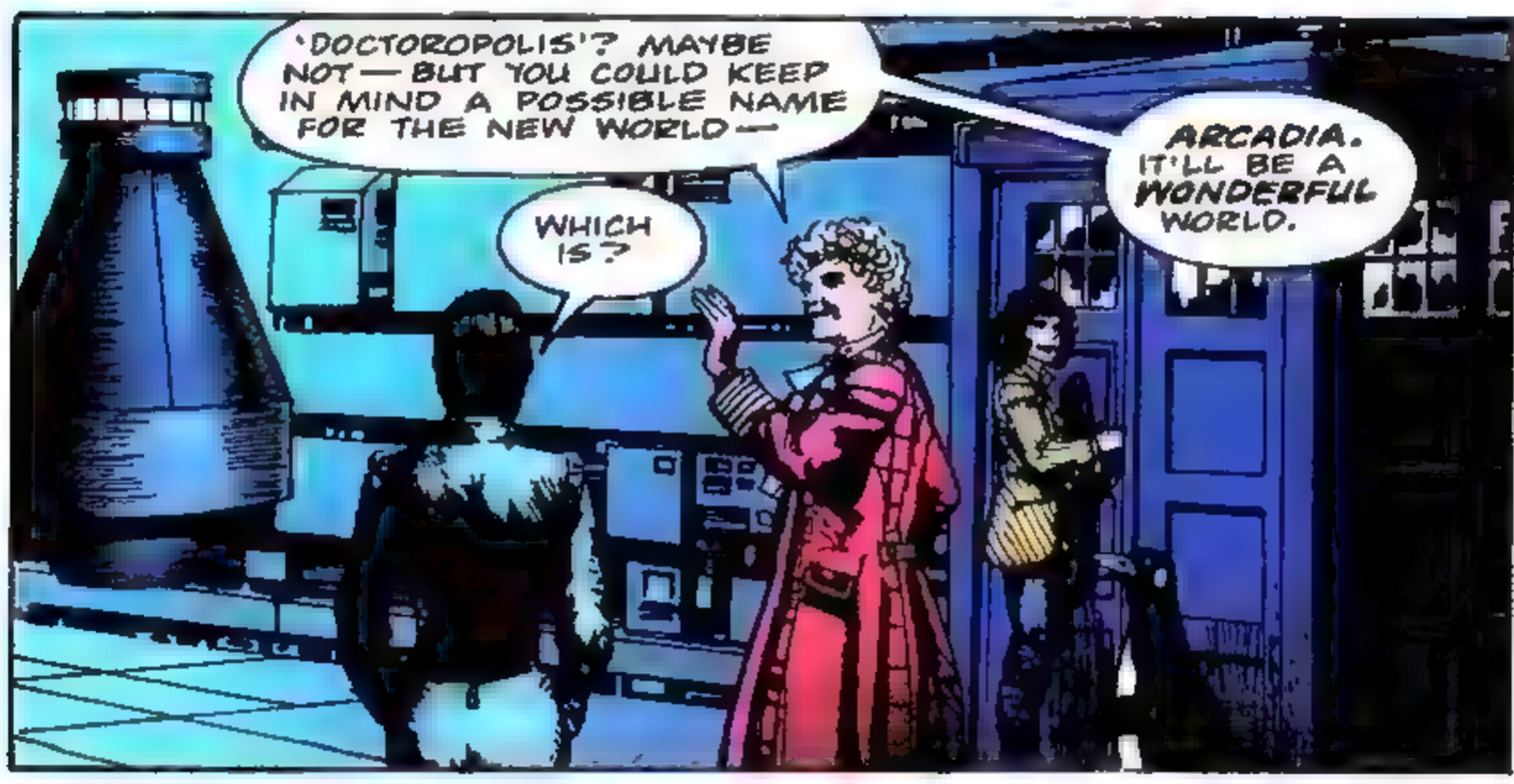
NO TRICKERY! YOU WILL FREE THE COLONISTS ALREADY TAKEN, AND LEAVE THIS SHIP OR I WILL REDUCE IT AND US TO ATOMS!
ANALYSIS CONCURS WITH POTENTIALITY OF THREAT.

IT'S A BLUFF! I'VE DEALT WITH HIM BEFORE!
WANT TO TAKE THAT CHANCE?
YOU CANNOT TRUST GALLIFREYANS — THEY'RE ZERO TAX RATED! COME! THIS MISSION IS ALREADY ENCROACHING PROFIT MARGINS! WE SHALL MAKE ACCEPTABLE LOSSES AND DEPART!

WHENEVER IT WAS I DEFEATED YOU BEFORE... THAT MAKES TWO TO ME, I THINK.
THE NEXT TIME... YOU'RE MINE.
LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE AN ENEMY THERE, DOCTOR...
DOESN'T IT JUST?


WITH THE 'TOP DRAWER' SAFELY RETURNED TO THEIR BAY, THE PROFITEERS GONE, THE DOCTOR AND CREW PREPARE TO LEAVE...
THANKS FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE, DOC—PITY YOU HAD TO SAVE A SHIP THAT'S GOING NOWHERE...

NOT ANY MORE, MISS McALLISTA. I'VE CHECKED THE ASTROGATION, AND PLOTTED YOU A COURSE TO A HABITABLE WORLD. IT WILL TAKE YOU TWENTY OR SO YEARS MORE THAN YOU ORIGINALLY EXPECTED, BUT IT WILL BE WORTH IT!
SAY, MAYBE WE COULD NAME A CITY AFTER YOU, OR SOMETHING—IT'D BE THE LEAST WE COULD DO!


'DOCTOROPOLIS'? MAYBE NOT—BUT YOU COULD KEEP IN MIND A POSSIBLE NAME FOR THE NEW WORLD—
WHICH IS?
ARCADIA. IT'LL BE A WONDERFUL WORLD.

THERE THEY GO—HOWEVER DO THEY DO THAT?
TWORP!
TWORP!

SO THIS PLANET YOU'RE SENDING 'EM TO IS THE ONE YOU WERE TAKING US TO WHEN WE LANDED ON THE SHIP?
I DIDN'T THINK I'D MADE MUCH OF AN ERROR. IN A FEW CENTURIES, IT WILL BE A GALAXY HAVEN, A PLACE WORTH VISITING. ONE DAY...
'A FEW CENTURIES IS A MINOR ERROR?

REMIND ME NOT TO BE AROUND WHEN HE MAKES A MAJOR ONE!

WELL, IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL AGAIN. WHAT'S TO BE FIXED, MON?
MICRO METEOR DAMAGE: LEVEL SIX MAIN PORTAL; SCREEN 14 MALFUNCTION: OBSERVATION DECK; RELAY COVER PANELLING FAULT: ACCESS BAY FOUR...
AND ON THE MAYFLOWER SAILS, INTO THE VOID, SET FOR DISTANT VISTAS...
THE END.

COMING NEXT ISSUE:

IDWORDS

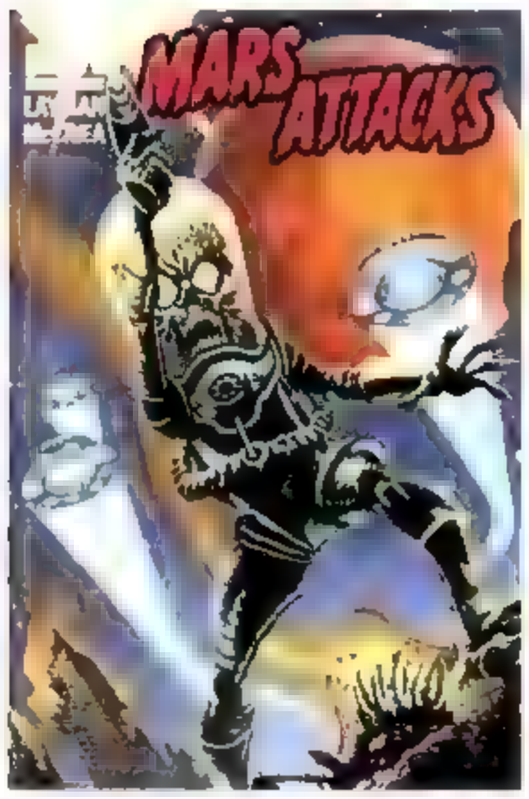
Deep and groovy ruminations from IDW's Man of Marketing, Dirk Wood

IDW PUBLISHING IN JUNE:

THE MARTIANS ARE COMING!

Comments, questions, suggestions, complaints, gripes, etc., are appreciated. Feel free to send any correspondence to letters@idwpublishing.com or IDWords, 5080 Santa Fe Street, San Diego, CA 92109. You can also join in the hullabaloo on our message boards at idwpublishing.com.

When I was a kid, I'd ride my bike to the local 7-11 and buy my favorite comics, trading cards, and a *Slurpee*. I'd ride home, trying to read the comics while I drank my *Slurpee*, with the cards flapping in the spokes of my bike.



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I'm going to go start collecting them all now! But first, it's time for lunch. I may have to go get a *Slurpee*.

-Dirk

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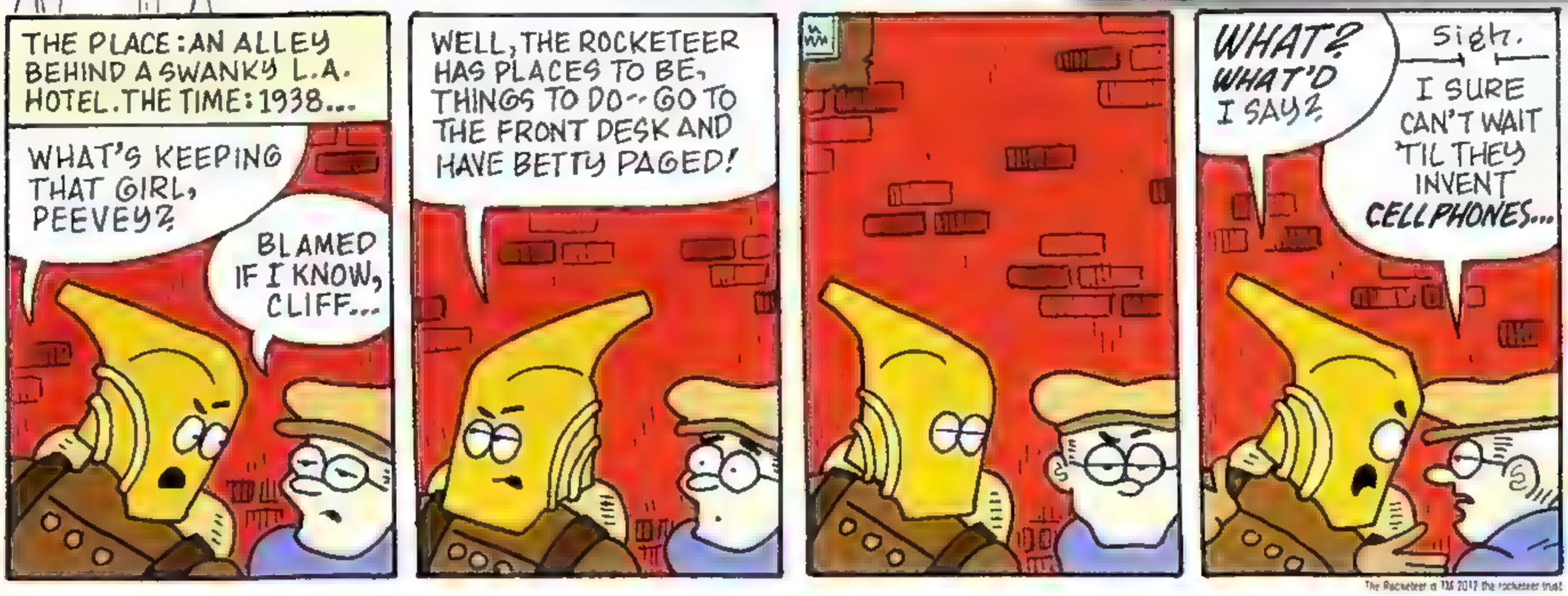
BAH, HEMBECK! BY FRED HEMBECK



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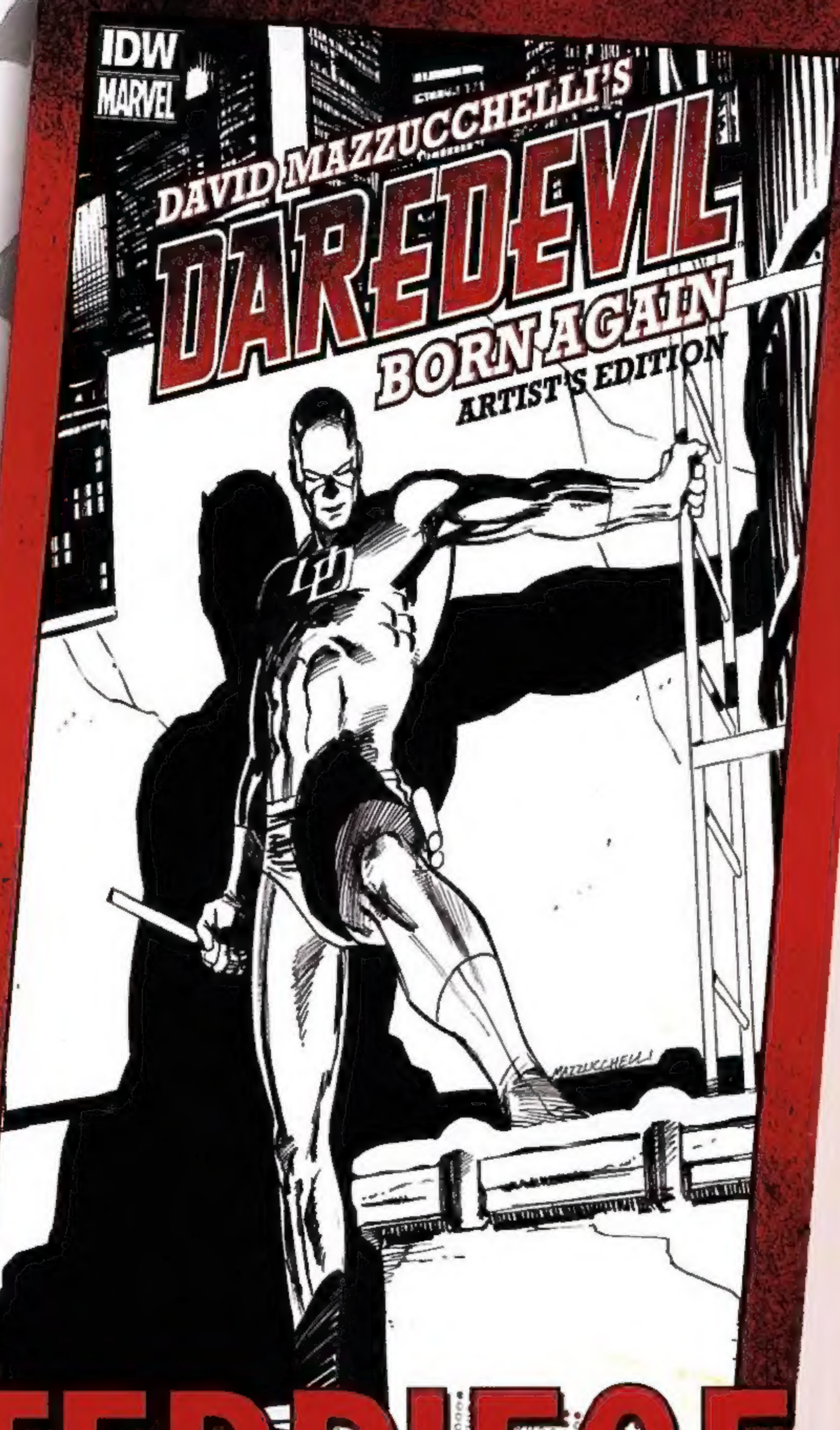

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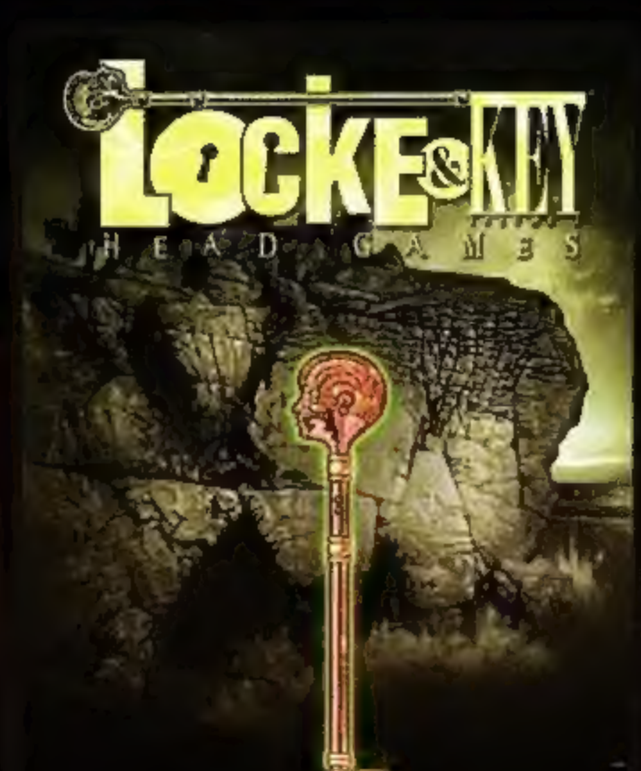

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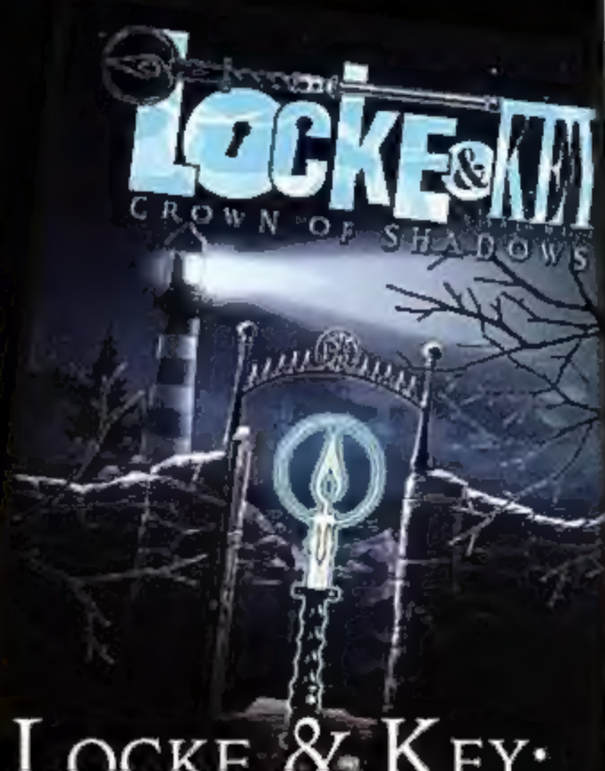

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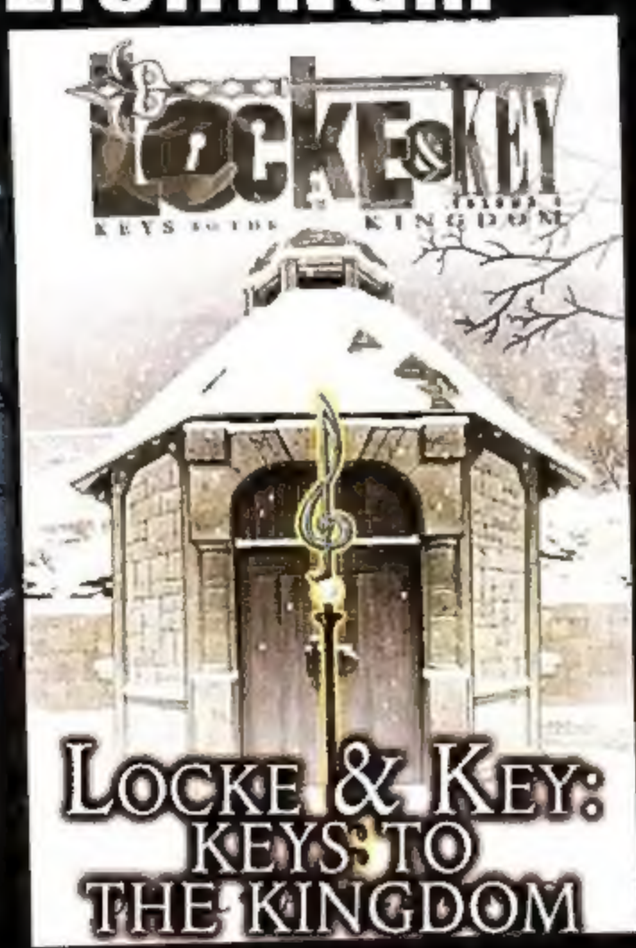

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